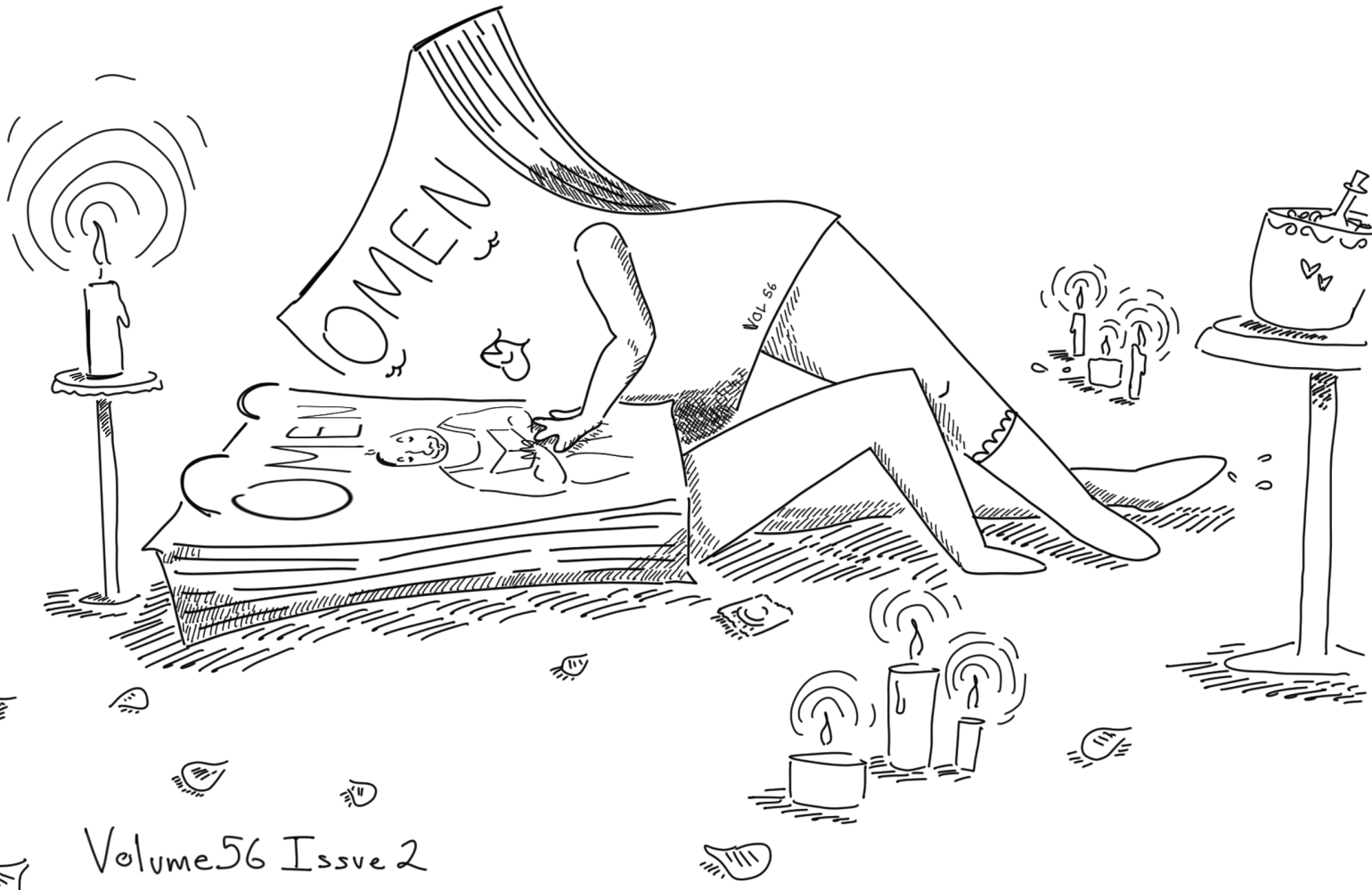


# The Omen

*Erotica Edition*



Volume 56 Issue 2

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### Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Jay: \*chortling\*  
Peter: Revenge  
Leo: leo evil <3  
Nate: Strengthening the proletariat  
Ida: No Contact Directives  
Nicholas: Javascript  
Juliana: The Lower Half of Peter's Face  
Jess: Low commitment, high intensity

Front Cover: Shanti Franzoni

Back Cover: Jay Poggi (with moral support from Leo Zhang)

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu), the Omen Office, Leo's mailbox (1593), or Jay's mailbox (0370).

## Policy

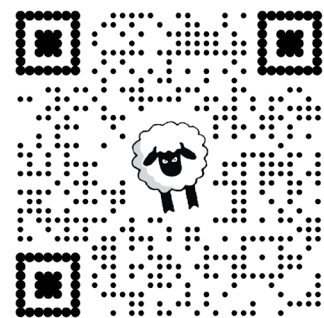
The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Find all issues here!



THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

## EDITORIAL

## OKAY HEAR US OUT

by Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi

Welcome to another special issue of The Omen! Contained herein, you will find two varieties of unusual, though distinctly Omenly submissions.

Most visibly, there's the porn. "Hey," we hear you saying, pushing your glasses up the bridge of your nose with your index finger, "The Omen always has porn in it." You're right, of course, but you'd be hard pressed to find an Omen issue with as girthy a quantity as this one. In addition, this isn't your everyday amateur erotica. This is high-stakes, professional, competitive erotica. That's right, you hold in your hands a battlefield upon which Hampshire's most esteemed sex-ists will fight to the death, and only YOU have the power to determine the winner from among them. After you've finished consuming the entirety of this succulent selection of sexy stories, we ask you to jack in ;) to the following QR Code (or this hyperlink: <https://tinyurl.com/omenvday>) and exercise your voting rights in the hottest way possible. Once a week has passed since the publishing of this issue, we will coronate the democratically elected fuck-monarch with a crown shaped like (and functioning as) a \$30 gift card to a local sex shop of their choosing.

There's also some serious stuff. The Omen has a long history of publishing students' concerns about their administration, their government, and other campus institutions. This issue is no exception. Normally, deciding how to lay out serious stuff is no big deal; we just plop it in Section Speak at the front of the issue. This time, we had a problem: there's porn. We've been marketing this issue as a super special erotica issue, so shouldn't we put the smut front and center? It was a real unstoppable force (this is a satirical erotica issue with a satirical erotica competition attached, we should prioritize the erotica) vs. immovable object (the serious submissions we have deserve to be put in a place where they will be paid attention to) moment. In the end, the immovable object hesitantly and tearfully smacked the unstoppable force in the balls, and we decided to put Section Speak first. We hope you read the content there, discuss it with your friends, and have thoughts, or don't. This decision should not be taken as an endorsement of the views expressed in this issue. As always, we invite you to reference our official haiku: "Views in The Omen / Do not necessarily / Reflect the staff's views." 🐑



# SECTION SPEAK

## It May Concern All of You

By Echo Lustig

Hello,

I am writing to all of the people of authority on this campus to notify you of the extremely unsafe conditions of this campus. You all likely don't have to come to campus on snowy days like this, but for those of us who live here, we have no choice but to go outside to eat. I see no evidence that any salting has been done, other than a few spots by Merrill and the Dining Commons. Most of the paths have at least half an inch of slippery snow and ice, and those that appear clear have black ice on them.

I filled out a maintenance request form the first day I arrived on campus one week ago to request that thick layers of ice be removed from the front steps of my mod. The following day I received a notification that the work was complete, however upon checking outside, it was clear that nothing had been done. Ice injuries can be dangerous to everyone, but I am recovering from both a broken ankle and an upper body surgery. I trusted that I could come back to this campus and be safe, but the safety of those on this campus is not being taken seriously.

Just this morning I walked to the Dining Commons for breakfast. I noticed on my walk there the slippery condition of all the paths and the black ice. On my way back, I slipped on one of those patches, my orthopedic boot sliding out from under me causing me to land on my hip and shoulder. Had this happened a week ago, I quite possibly could have ripped some stitches from my recent surgery and had significant bleeding. As it is, I am unable to put weight through my arms and was on the ground for close to five full minutes trying to figure out how to get up safely.

The safety of our walkways is not something we should need to be fighting for. Effective plowing and salting is the bare minimum in keeping the people on this campus safe. When plowing is not enough, as it seems to not be, shoveling is necessary. As the people who run this campus, you need to know how to keep it safe. Ice injuries can be very serious and the safety of those on this campus is being disregarded by inadequate snow and ice care.

We are all very lucky that I am not more hurt, but I will not be able to go outside until it is safe to do so. I think of the countless other community members who must go outside to get food and I shudder at the thought of the injuries they could sustain due to the conditions of this campus. My personal safety is my job, and the safety of the community is your job. Please, please take this job seriously and keep the community safe. The current conditions are simply unsafe and I hope to see this situation rectified as soon as possible.

Concerned and Injured Community Member,

Echo Lustig 

# NO CONFIDENCE IN THE HCSU

By Juliana Saxe and Ida Kao

As students, we are constituents of the Hampshire College Student Union (HCSU). As a matter of fact, Ida cast a ballot for the winner of every position: Sierra Karas, Emrose Seidenberg, Aviva Pusey, Oshin Pandey, and Carl Weigel, and Juliana voted for Sierra, Emrose, Aviva, and Oshin. As the Director and Financial Director of FundCom, as well as individuals being represented by the HCSU, we feel that our concerns have not been adequately addressed in private. While we have primarily interacted with the HCSU in our capacities as FundCom officers, and have been repeatedly approached as FundCom officers by students with concerns that would be best addressed by the HCSU or are about the lack of public activity by the HCSU, we are writing this as individuals with concerns as students and not on behalf of FundCom.

The responsibility of FundCom is to delegate the Student Activities Fund (SAF), which is paid into by all students; not to reach out and assist the HCSU. Despite that, the FundCom officers recognized the need for communication between official student organizations. They then reached out in hopes of collaborating with and supporting the HCSU. The HCSU did not reciprocate this until January, when the HCSU was seeking funding from the SAF. FundCom's only official responsibility is to oversee the allocation of the SAF. However, FundCom is also the oldest all-campus governing body at Hampshire College. As individuals who have been given authorities and responsibilities that affect the entire campus, there have been too many concerns for us to ignore. This has become especially urgent now that we have been approached about paying the HCSU Executive Team with money from the Student Activities Fund. Because of the possible use of the

SAF, it has become essential to create transparent communication with the entire student body, and make sure they are adequately informed on the matter. The SAF is something that every student pays into, and all students deserve to know exactly why the funds are being allocated towards something; therefore, any work that is not done transparently, should not be paid out of the SAF.

In the fall semester, meetings were held on Fridays at 3:30 p.m. - 4:30 p.m., usually running longer, in Ed Wingenbach's office. These meetings were not publicized, despite Oshin saying that any student should be allowed to attend when

**“Any work that is not done transparently, should not be paid out of the SAF.”**

Ida raised this issue over text on December 16, 2021. Despite Juliana never hearing anything about the meetings she attended in the fall being open, she received an email on January 1st, 2022

from Sierra, specifying that she considered these meetings to be open. To our knowledge, these meetings were never publicized on any platforms, including the Intranet/Daily Digest, HampEngage, Instagram and other social media platforms, and physical flyers put up around campus.

This has been part of a repeating pattern of conducting meetings behind closed doors and only revealing information when doing so would benefit the HCSU. While Sierra has claimed these meetings to be public information, they have never been publicized and were not stated as such, until the Student Union began asking for campus support for stipends coming out of the SAF. The email that claimed these meetings were considered public information was only sent to nine people—eight of whom regularly attend these meetings, and the ninth being Nick Bythrow, Student Trustee.

The only reason that Juliana, as FundCom Director, was able to attend these meetings was



because she had run into Sierra in person in front of The Kern around mid-November and requested to join the meetings. She was operating under the understanding that this was a temporary invitation, and could be revoked at any moment, so she avoided voicing concerns about transparency - such as if meetings were open or questions about how they were scheduled. In addition, several factors backed up her worries about being on thin ice - she mentioned that she could clearly see that the HCSU also took notes during the meetings, notes that she had never been offered access to. The December 10th meeting time was changed from the usual time of 3:30 - 4:30 p.m., to 11:00 a.m., so she had scheduled her day around attending that meeting. She found out that the meeting time had been changed again to 1:00 p.m. only by coming across Aviva while dropping off equipment so she could make it to the meeting on time. At no point in this was Juliana notified about this change, despite regularly attending these meetings.

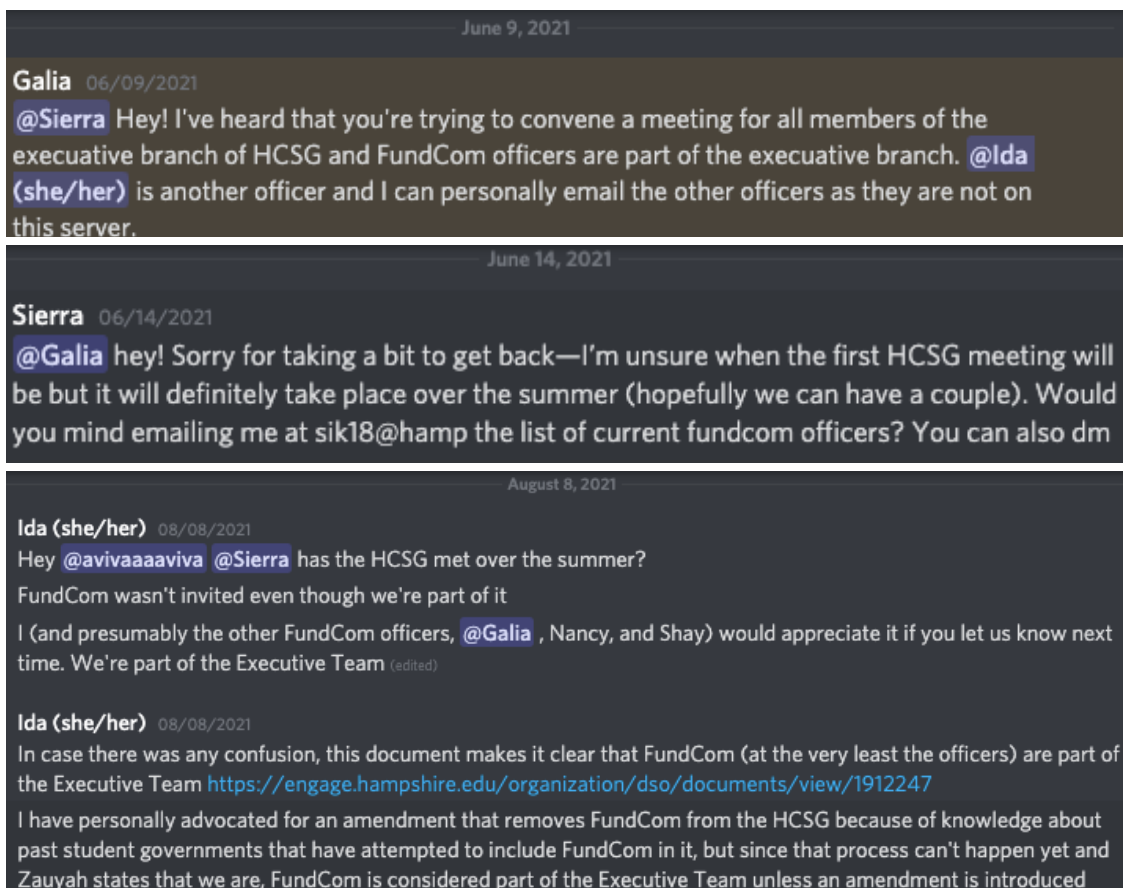
Even more concerning is the difficulty the two of us experienced in opening a line of communication between the HCSU and FundCom. This was in spite of requests on the Five College

Social Discord to be included in the HCSU (which was then called the HCSG) meetings. The screenshots are provided below, and the invite link is here: <https://discord.gg/9hVmqNDsTg>. Please note that Discord allows users to edit and delete their messages.

In Fall 2021, both of us repeatedly approached Sierra in person, and were told that an email would be sent, but never received one.

It wasn't until January 26, 2022 that Sierra emailed us as FundCom officers from her personal Hampshire email on behalf of the HCSU. This did not include the HCSU's nor FundCom's email address, only our personal addresses. This email was about how the members of the HCSU could receive a stipend out of the Student Activity Fund (SAF).

In a meeting on Friday, January 28, we informed the HCSU that, per FundCom's Bylaws and Guidelines, stipends may only be paid to students after hosting three town halls discussing the matter, and an all-community vote in which at least 112 ballots (1/4 of the student body) were cast. Members of the HCSU would still be able to receive stipends for their work in the fall from



institutional funds.

That same meeting, Ida inquired about where the meetings were being publicized to the student body, since they were supposedly open to everyone. She was informed by Sierra that the HCSU “didn’t have the resources to publicize” despite all members of the HCSU Executive Team signing for student groups on campus—therefore being informed during signer training of various means to publicize meetings to the student body. Sierra told us that they did not gain access to the HCSU HampEngage until “late in the semester” despite a staff member confirming that they had been invited to the organization on September 21st, 2021 and that four of five of them accepted the invitation. These four are currently listed on the roster of the page. Furthermore, Sierra, who recently put up an Intranet/Daily Digest post with the 38 slide presentation on what the HCSU had done so far, had made multiple Intranet/Daily Digest posts in the fall semester. Sending out mass emails (five of which were sent out in the fall), word of mouth, and printing posters (which can be paid for by Student Engagement), were and still are all means of publicizing the meetings.

Juliana was asked after the December 10th HCSU meeting to help the HCSU write their Charter (or a document that served the same function) by Ed and Zauya, since the HCSU rejected the HCSG Charter that Zauyah had created. By rejecting the HCSG Charter, they were required to write their own. Zauyah instead asked Juliana to help write a document with students who are being paid for this work, and have accepted this as part of their official responsibilities. She felt uncomfortable with this request, because she was not offered any compensation for doing something that was completely outside her responsibilities as FundCom Director. In a January 28th meeting with just the HCSU, we were both asked to look over their presentation, which was 46 slides long and incomplete at the time. Once again, we were not offered any kind of compensation in exchange.

Of course, it would be unfair to place all the blame on students when the HCSU, as noted by both students on the HCSU itself and by

FundCom, was put together too quickly and with no meaningful student input by Dean of Students Zauyah Waite. She convened the Dean of Students Advisory Council (DOSAC), which met only twice and did not have any real discussions on what this student government might look like or be responsible for. When she met with Fundcom, she only talked about the importance of shared governance for 40 minutes, briefly mentioning the student government. She then thanked the DOSAC and FundCom for providing input despite the students involved feeling like they had not been given an opportunity to provide meaningful feedback.

The HCSU’s lack of accountability and lack of interest in getting the student body involved, indicates that President Ed Wingenbach and Dean Zauyah Waite are uninterested in making the HCSU anything more than a farce to maintain the College’s accreditation. This becomes especially obvious given the role of Dean Waite and President Wingenbach in shielding the HCSU from criticism and dismissing the concerns of staff members. The HCSU, on its own, has no actual power to do anything beyond asking Ed, Zauyah, and Vice President for Finance and Administration and Treasurer Carl Ries to change something on their behalf, whether that’s changing the way meal swipes are handled by software, or opening up the 39 route between Hampshire and Smith. To our knowledge, the HCSU has no ability to make the changes they decide on. Everything the HCSU has been involved in has therefore been done with the support and enforcement by paid staff.

As both FundCom officers and as women of color on this campus, how the HCSU, - particularly Sierra, who is the equivalent of the student body president, is presenting and talking about student work and leadership on this campus is far from our observed reality. As a governing body that serves and is accountable to the entire community, our work is similar, just different in scope. The work that women of color have done on this campus has historically been undervalued and unrecognized. To watch as a white student goes around talking to leadership about how the work that they signed up

for is unsustainable and seemingly impossible to do while being a full time student, while the FundCom officers have been handling more work in a much more transparent manner, is insulting. Conversations about labor exploitation on this campus should be held and uplifted by those who have been putting in the work, and not by a student who wants the pay of a job without having to produce the results of one.

As student workers, we agree that there needs to be a serious conversation on this campus about labor exploitation, not only in context of the HCSU, FundCom, and student work and leadership - but for all labor done on this campus done by students, staff, and faculty. However, to watch this conversation be presented and controlled to admin and the Board of Trustees through the lens of a student who resists both accountability and transparency is troubling. Sierra takes a real problem— labor exploitation—and places that conversation firmly in the realm of abstract complaints about her agreed-upon responsibilities, rather than using her position to create material change in this area. This worrying trend of keeping real problems only in abstract realms is on full display with how they discuss the actions of the HCSU, as well as how they frame their justifications for the lack of work they've done. The HCSU claims that their secrecy and inaction is simply part of their process, and that all of this is a natural and acceptable part of creating something new. According to them, their lack of transparent communication and visible results are an important and mandatory step in creation, and to do anything else would be needlessly rushing things and ruin their entire process. This removes all actionable items from the conversation of the HCSU's responsibilities.

This framing uses a conversation about what it means to govern and how power should be divided, and uses it to avoid accountability for the way the

HCSU has been ignoring their responsibility to their constituents. Not only has the conversation shifted from concrete ideas (how to best represent, help and be a voice for the student body) to nebulous excuses and complaints, it is being used to silence complaints about the fact that the HCSU does not even have a charter or other governing document. It is deeply concerning that Sierra continues to invoke these serious problems to avoid taking accountability for their failure to carry out the responsibilities they agreed on.

The HCSU either needs to truly and honestly become an accountable and transparent voice of the student body to administration and the Board of Trustees, or they need to step down to let others get work done that they couldn't. Over the course of several months and several conversations, we have heard time and time again about how the current HCSU Executive Team is composed of full time students with other responsibilities and that is fine. We are all different people with different capacities and we should not be held to a capacity that is unsustainable for us. However, the HCSU cannot have it both ways; if this work is far more than they are able to handle both in the last fall semester and this coming spring, they need to step down, let others take over and recognize and understand the implications of not fulfilling their duties. If they have been doing work, it needs to be transparent and accountable, and they cannot and should not be able to claim, according to Zauyah's suggestion, \$1,000 per semester, totaling \$10,000 per year for intangible and uncommunicated work.





# HCSU 2/7/2022 Meeting Perspective

By Elena Suardi

As a student participant in the HCSU meeting held on February 7th, 2022, I am presenting a summary of the topics discussed during the meeting. To begin the meeting, we all discussed the complicated process of the meal swipes and after that, began discussing housing. By the end of the meeting, one of the FundCom officers had asked questions about their roles and responsibilities of the HCSU chairs. By the end of the session, many critical points and personal opinions were expressed about responsibility, behavior, and appropriate communication. And it seemed that everyone hoped to agree upon better and faster forms of communications between FundCom and the HCSU. From my understanding, we all identified the existing glitches and issues of all these topics. The general opinion among the attendees is for most people to develop a new communication solution. There was also a concern voiced for the HCSU to make their information more public and accessible to all students, in order to know about the goings-on on campus. We all hope to start this semester to include everyone on campus.

If other students or staff would like to participate, these meetings occur on Monday at the Kern Building in room 108 from 12:00 pm to 1:00 pm. 🐑



**WHOA WHOA,  
LITTLE BRO!**

**RUN PAST THIS PAGE  
AND YOU'LL BE IN**



**SEX ZONE!**

# Sextion



## The Last of the Truffula Seed

By Scout Chaplin-Loebell

“So this is the renowned Hampshire College,” mused a robust and thickly lilted voice. His dense seven foot frame cast a blossom of shadows around him under the light of the library parking lot. He stretched, a trickle of sweat rolling down his naked green pectoral.

“Alright Timmy,” Shrek mused, “ready yourself, we haven’t got all night if we want to fuck on all 5 consortium campuses during the full moon.”

“I don’t know if I’m ready, Shrekky,” simpered an extremely aroused Timothee Chalamet, though they both knew he was just being coy. “I think I need to be... warmed up.” He threw himself backwards into Shreks strong, warm, naked figure, pretending not to graze his supple twink asscheeks against Shreks great green giant, which was already throbbing.

“Oh really?” Shrek purred into Chalamet’s ear, “well it just so happens, my earwax isn’t just for candles- it also makes for top tier lube...” He drove a finger into his ear, coating it with his special ogre wax. He sensually ran his hand down Chalamet’s back and under the waistline of his tighty whities, the only thing he had on. Under the pressure of containing both Shreks bulky hand & Tim’s fully erect member, they began to pull apart at the seams.

Shrek inserted a finger into Timothee Chalamet’s quivering asshole and Tim let out an involuntary moan and convulsed against Shreks figure, driving the earwax coated finger deeper. It momentarily brushed his prostate and he let out a pleased yelp that told Shrek he was already on the verge of orgasm.

“Ah ah ah Timmy, not yet,” Shrek scolded, “I’m not nearly done with you yet.”

Chalamet groaned in ecstasy as Shrek inserted a second and then third meaty finger inside him. “Fuck! Fuck me Daddy Shrek!” His euphoric cries echoed across the library parking lot.

“Mmmmph,” Shrek grunted, “I think you’re ready for my Great Ogre Sausage. Say the passcode.”

Stuttering in ecstasy, Chalamet could hardly deliver the words. Between shallow yet heavy breaths he moaned, “Ssshrek is,, LOVE.. Shrekk iss L-LIFE!” As he blurted out the final word, Shrek tore off his panties and drove his Massive Ogre Cock inside his eager asshole.

Simultaneously, there came a booming voice from within the nearby dumpster: “I AM THE LORAX, I SPEAK FOR THE TREES!”

Shrek and Tim froze for just a moment. Timmy felt Shrek’s still rock hard Ogre Cock throb inside him, and took the moment to just take it all in. He sighed with pleasure.

The Lorax’s voice boomed again “...AND THE TREES SAY... DONT STOP!” He emerged from the dumpster and sat on the ledge. He pulled out a pair of antique opera spectacles from his thick, dense beard and held them up to his face to watch the show.

“Well don’t just sit there and watch. Come on in, the Swamp Water’s fine!” Shrek wrapped a

bulky arm around Chalamet's chest as he continued to rail him, tenderly yet with great force. "You'll be a good lad and suck this fine Lorax off for me, won't ya Timmy?" Shrek cooed in his ear.


"Mmmmmhmmmm" moaned Chalamet, face bright red and eyes bulging with pleasure.

"Well don't mind if I do," the Lorax remarked, his truffula trunk growing three times in size.

"Looks like a truffula treat to me," simpered a hopelessly seduced timithe chalamet, his pupils widening at almost the same rate as his asshole.

He took the Lorax's truffula tree top into his mouth, then worked the trunk down his throat. Delighted to be reduced to little more than a pair of cum holes, he gazed up into the Lorax's eyes and said "hhhggggggghhhhm," which, if he hadn't been actively choking on rock hard truffula trunk, would have meant, "Give me every last bit of your truffula seed!"

The Lorax understood, and, running his long, fuzzy fingers through Tim's messy sex hair, gave one final thrust and bestowed the last of the Truffula Seeds down Timothee Chalamet's eager throat.

"Good lad!" Shrek remarked, stroking Chalamet's face with his thumb to wipe off any excess truffula seed from his face. He brought his ogre finger to his own mouth for a taste, but found there's been no mess- Tim had swallowed every last drop. "Very good lad," Shrek chuckled, pleased by this discovery, "I think you deserve a reward." He grabbed Tim by the hips and thrust harder than he ever had before, pounding his prostate. Tim let out an orgasmic wail as he and Shrek simultaneously climaxed. Shrek collapsed in a heap on top of both Timothee Chalamet and the Lorax, and, freshly relieved cock still inside Tim, began to fall asleep. The three laid cuddling by the dumpster, completely sated, and The Lorax and Timothee Chalamet held one another and kissed until they, too, fell asleep in each other's arms. 

**"YOU WANNA SEE *sexy*?"**

**YOU FUCKING ANIMALS WANNA SEE**

**SEXY?**

**I'LL GIVE YOU**

**sexy!!**

- Jay Poggi  
(Submitted by Ida Kao)

# An Avid Sex-Haver's Guide to Sex:

By Isaiah Woods (PHD in Sex Having\*)

## Introduction:

Hello all my pronounced party people! As the noble holiday that is St. Valentine's day quickly approaches, love is in the air! And where there's love, we all know that the beautiful act of sex is soon to follow.\*\* While this is a happy time of year for many-a-couple, I would like to take the time to recognize that it can also be quite stressful, given the fact that sex has been outlawed on all days other than the fourteenth of February, many modern couples haven't had the time or opportunity to practice and are thusly overwhelmed when the day of the deed comes along; but never you worry! This guide will provide you with all the possible information you may need about the ancient art that is sex-having, as well as that related to the Dreamworks animated classic, "Over the Hedge" (2006). However, before I am to impart upon you my vast knowledge of intercoursal studies, I think that it is important that I preface that information with a bit of historical context.

## A Brief History of Sex:

It is generally accepted knowledge that the practice of having sex dates back about twenty five hundred years or so to the ancient Greeks, however, throughout my extensive course of study,\*\*\* I have ACTUALLY been able to trace the exact routes of the act of sex back to one individual Greek man by the name of Stavros. A lowly stable boy, Stavros's story had fallen deep into the voluptuous folds of history's fleshy body. However, through modern technology\*\*\*\* I have been able to compile a comprehensively detailed timeline of Stavros's life, a pivotal step in the centuries long search for the origins of sex.

Born in 513 B.C.E., he emerged from his mother's spleen fully formed, through an asexual proccess known as budding (the most common method of reproduction back then, as the C-Section had not been invented.) Stavros was generally considered to be a particularly attractive specimen for the time, as his vestigial tail was considerably bigger than that of his colleagues (a trait that in the greco-roman era was an indicator of great motorcycle riding ability.) This evolutionary advantage provided the young man with a great level of self confidence, leading him to eventually leave his original career as a stable boy, and to pursue a more academic path as a writer. While his first couple of novels never really got off the ground, he finally was able to produce a best seller, when he wrote "J.D. Salinger's The Catcher in the Rye."

Following this overwhelming critical success, Stavros fell into a profound despair, as he knew deep down that his "masterpiece" was nothing more than a messily marketed piece of overly pretentious bullshit marketed to whiny teenagers. He was determined to create some sort of legacy to leave behind.

At this point, an elderly man, Stavros knew he was running out of time. He had become a recluse, shaved his head, and begun living with the creatures of the forest (Not unlike those featured in the critically acclaimed animated-motion-picture "Over the Hedge") However, one day everything was to change for Stavros. As he set out upon his regular morning walk in the forest, he came across something he had never seen before; something not of this world. Upon approaching this ethereal pulsating mass, stavros felt a great surge of pain; his pelvic region was on fire. After what must have seemed like an eternity, a fleshy protrusion finally thrust itself forward from his previously smooth pubic region. He looked upon his new tool for a while before finally speaking "I shall call you dick"\*\*\*\*\*,



he said (Historians believe this was a tribute to his grandfather, Dick Cheney, who it is said that Stavros believed to have borne an uncanny resemblance to this newly sprouted appendage.) It is at this point, I'm afraid historical documentation gets a little bit fuzzy. While no one can say for certain the immediate course of events that led to this historic discovery, many historians (such as myself\*\*\*\*\*) believe that it may have involved an eccentric, yet charming squirrel, as well as cynical tortoise voiced by American comedian, Gary Shandling. While the exact details of the creation process may never be known, I am happy to say that we are all familiar with the final product...SEX!

And while the act certainly has evolved over the centuries, the fundamentals have remained essentially the same. The only major breakthrough that one really needs really needs to know in regards to recent developments in the ever changing scientific field of sex was discovered in December of 2006 (consequently, the same year that "Over the Hedge" was released), when scientists at the University of Nebraska\*\*\*\*\* developed the technology allowing sexual intercourse to be partaken in by two or more people (Prior to this, sex had always been a solo endeavor). This development was so crucial, as it allowed sex-havers everywhere to share in the work of the act, giving them more time to watch "Over the Hedge" (2006) afterwards.

Now that I've provided context around the historical development of sexual intercourse, It's time I answer a very important question...

## What IS Sex?:

While nobody REALLY knows exactly what sex is, both professional and amateur sex-haver's have been theorizing for years. While at one point the predominant theory within academic communities was that sex is a pleasurable act between two parties, designed to encourage reproduction, this theory is considered rather archaic and has since been rebuked. Currently much research has gone into the subject, and while nothing conclusive has been proven, several of the leading theories among both scientists and artists include:

- Sex is actually the friends we made along the way
- Sex is gay (Controversial)
- Sex is actually an illusion, man
- Sex=God?

as well as my personal theory:

- Sex is the 2006 computer animated film "Over the Hedge"

And while all of these have some sort of academic merit to them, it is important to remember that the search to answer this age old question is an ongoing one, that may never have a conclusive answer to it.

## How Do I Have Sex?:

Now, you may be asking yourself: "But if I don't know exactly what sex is, how can I have it?" and the answer to that is: **YOU SHOULDN'T!** Sex is a practice that is best left to highly trained professionals, as it is an incredibly dangerous process that involves the monitored consumption of many toxic materials as well as extensive academic and personal testing. You may think you are qualified to have sex, but trust me, it's considerably harder than it looks.\*\*\*\*\*

While having sex may SEEM like a good idea in the heat of a passionate moment, it is best avoided by the general public and can be substituted for a nice game of laser tag.

## Conclusion:

In conclusion, the 2006 animated feature film “Over the Hedge” is truly a demonstration of peak American film making. The plot is engaging, the characters likable, and the animation style unparalleled. With a star cast of voice actors playing an ever likable band of quirky animal characters, “Over the Hedge” (2006) is a fun romp for the whole family, that has quickly become a household favorite!

**\*As of this point in time, no degree granting university has OFFICIALLY granted Isaiah any sort of degree. However, he is sure that they would if he were to ask really nicely.**

**\*\*While science has not officially proven any correlation between love and sex, some of the country of Finland’s top researchers of the sexual arts have theorized that it exists. This theory is called “String theory” and is highly contested by top fuckologists.**

**\*\*\* I don’t know what the fuck I’m talking about.**

**\*\*\*\*A device I like to call lying.**

**\*\*\*\*\*Speculative .**

**\*\*\*\*\*I have absolutely no background in history.**

**\*\*\*\*\*Nebraska may or may not exist. Pending further research.**

**\*\*\*\*\*Trust me, bro.** 

## JimxDwight Fanfic

By Justice Mitchell-Burris

Jim bit his bottom lip, a weak chuckle arose from his throat as his eyes stayed on Dwight.

“You can’t be serious, Dwight.” Jim said with disbelief.

Dwight was still unbuttoning his light mustard color work shirt. His tie already on the break room floor.

“I am very serious, Jim. For a long time I felt as if the homosexual nature was a choice. The only reason was, is because I’ve always had the animalistic urge to be with another man.” His monotone voice the same as usual.

“You see, I’ve decided I want to mate with you.” Dwight’s shirt finally off his body and on the ground.

Jim’s eyes raked over Dwights form. His tongue involuntarily licking over his bottom lip.

“And what is I don’t want to “mate” with you?” His voice trying to stay playful and mocking like normal.

Dwight smirked walking all the way over to him. Jim now trapped between the vending machine and Dwights hot body.

Dwight moved his hand to rub against Jim’s clothed cock.

“This speaks for itself.” He whispered leaning in to kiss Jim’s neck.

Jim naturally tilted his head back letting out soft moans as Dwight rubbed his hard cock.

“Say you want me,” Dwight ordered.

"I-I'm not going to say that." Jim croaked out.

His hand squeezed around Jim's cock softly.

"Say it," he hissed out, biting down on Jim's neck.

"Fu-FUCK! I want you. I want you so badly, Beet Boy," Jim whined out, arching into his touch.

"That's a Beet Daddy, to you." Dwight corrected. He moved his hands to Jim's hips, turning him around so his ass was facing him.

Dwight quickly pulled down Jim's pants and boxers. His finger rubbing Jim's sweet asshole before pushing his middle finger inside him.

Jim let out a loud gasp, biting his lip harder trying to hold in his moans.

"God, you could fit my cock without preparation, couldn't you?" Dwight teased shaking his head. His own cock straining against the fabric of his boxers and pants.

"Please, just slam your huge beet cock in me!" Jim cried in desperation.

With that, Dwight undid his pants and pulled them down along with his boxers. His hands spreading Jim's cheeks before slamming into his tight hole.

Both of them moaning loudly as Dwight sunk into him.

Dwight didn't even give Jim time to adjust to the size of him. His hips pounding into him automatically hitting his prostate.

Jim's hands gripping either side of the vending machine as his hole got destroyed by the man he called enemy less than 20 minutes ago.

Jim's moans and whines filling the room as he already became close. His asshole clenching around Dwight's cock, sending Dwight over the edge. His cum coating the inside of Jim's needy hole.

"F-fuck," Jim choked out as he started cumming all over the vending machine from the feeling of Dwight's warm cum.

They both stayed there for a moment, not moving an inch.

Slowly Dwight pulled out and fixed himself, getting dressed.

Jim turned around pulling up his own pants and boxers. His heart pounding from what they just did.

"Come to my farm after work, it'll be more fun," Dwight winked before walking out.

A blush crossed Jim's cheeks as he nodded.

He smiled to himself watching Dwight go.

It definitely will. 🐑

"between the fucking and the  
buttholes ida never fails to  
keep me on my toes"  
- Leo Zhang

(Submitted by Jay Poggi) 🐑

# Worm Love

By Jay Poggi

A red ribbed wrungleworm lay oozing in a freshly dug goo chamber. Another worm, covered in lumps of lavender, extended their snifferstalks from a hole in the ceiling. The two worms wriggled in recognition of each other.. Red Rib gathered up speechslime in their foreass and fired up at their guest. The slime splattered over Lavender Lump's throbbing brain, and they knew they were welcome.

Lumpy dropped into the thick goo below with a sticky sploosh. Ribby inflated their swoonsack, and waggled it lustily in the air. Lumpy flexed their bonehorn and its rotations propelled them through the goo toward Ribby. The two collided foreass-first, and gooshed fond words upon each other's brains: "I love you," said Ribby. "Pizza," said Lumpy.

Ribby embraced Lumpy with tender tendrils and suckled their underside with voracious pores. Lumpy suckled back. They tickled and teased every trembling inch of their partner with their snifferstalks, taking in all of their sent. Affectionate slime poured from Ribby's foreass, begging Lumpy to begin the Exchange. Lumpy obliged. The two unsheathed their nodes from their respective hindasses, and mashed them together. With a suctionous pop, the two were connected.

...

Deep within Ribby's body, past fibrous layers skin, deep within the interconnected tubes of their hybrid nervous/digestive system, at the top floor of an office building, an alarm went off. A lollygagging goblin reclining at their desk shot to attention. They slammed their fist on the big red button in front of them and yelled into their microphone, "Move it people, it's Exchange time!" Busy goblins hustled into a garage ten stories below and swarmed around a massive armored truck whose name, as displayed by the bold lettering at its sides, was "Convoy." The goblins poked and prodded at every inch of it, jotting down notes on clipboard-reinforced pieces of paper, then huddled together and compared their findings in excited jabbers. One of them yelled, "Convoy is clear for departure!" and the double doors at the back of the garage flew open.

Five goblins strut forth to raucous applause. Gronzo headed the group, bearing a winning smile and a gun twice their size. Skelkr followed, a dark hood over their head and two curved swords at their back. Furnk came next, sporting a motorcycle helmet, fingerless gloves, and a terrible mustache. Zimzin emerged, dripping with oil and carrying a jangling box of tools. Finally, Franklin the Chosen, the smallest among them, scurried into place behind them, holding a neatly taped cardboard box. The importance of its contents shone in the little goblin's eyes.

The crowd cheered and wept as the five champions climbed into the back of the truck. The door swung shut, and Furnk looked back at the rest of them from their place at the wheel. "Buckle up," they said coolly. "This ain't gonna be no trip to the buckle store." They slammed their boot on the gas, hollering wildly. The truck roared back at them and sped out into the tunnels beyond.

The goblins spent the first hour of the trip making scattered, nervous conversation while they stared out the windows at the fleshy walls of the tubes that contained them. Franklin tried to reassure himself that maybe it wouldn't be as bad as the elders had claimed, but they couldn't ignore how tight Gronzo gripped their gun, how even the unflappable Skelkr's hands trembled.

"What're you gonna do when you get back home, kid?" Franklin jumped at the sound of Furnk's



voice. The mangy goblin looked back at them from the driver's seat with a genuine grin on their face.

"Furnk what do you think you're—" Skelkr began to say before Gronzo elbowed them in the stomach. Gronzo met Skelkr's icy glare and shook their head emphatically.

"Me," Furnk started, seemingly oblivious, "I'm gonna sit on my couch with a bucket of rats, and eat the whole thing while watching Wheel of Fortune reruns until I puke. From the Wheel of Fortune." They wheezed out a self-satisfied laugh.

"I think," Zimzin broke the brief silence that followed, "Doobles and I'll finish that Gundam we started so long ago." Franklin had never heard two syllables uttered with more fondness than how Zimzin said, "Doobles."

"I'll go visit my siblings back home, and we'll wrestle ourselves bloody!" Gronzo bared their fangs with glee. "Then we'll make a bubble bath and try to drown each other!" Their great guffaw shook the massive vehicle.

Gronzo looked expectantly at Skelkr. Skelkr crossed their arms and turned their head away from Gronzo, then snuck a glance back at them to find they were still looking. "Fine." They sighed. "I'll play video games for forty hours straight and then sleep for a year." The group cheered in agreement.

Everyone's eyes fell on Franklin. The little goblin's heads spun. There was so much they wanted to do. Once they got home, they'd go back to highschool. They could graduate in two years if they took those summer college courses their advisor had told them about. Then they'd apply to Goblin University and study theoretical physics, which would set them up for a job at GERN. That was their plan, or at least, it had been. Now, surrounded by their goblins-in-arms, holding all the hopes of their kind in their lap, Franklin remembered that silly comic they'd drawn with their best friend up in their grandparents' old treehouse. Would Sneezeball still remember after all these years?

"I—" a harsh metal BANG cut off Franklin's little voice.

"They're here!" yelled Furnk. "Get to your positions!" Gronzo and Skelkr leapt to their feet and scrambled up the ladder to the roof. Zimzin rushed to the terminal at the back where an orthographic display of Convoy flashed with urgent colors. Franklin froze.

"Move it, kid! Get to the bunker! We'll all be fucked if you don't live!"

Franklin stumbled toward the hatch in the middle of the floor, clutching the package with shaking hands. They moved the package under one shoulder and winced under the metal trap door's weight as they lifted it one-handed. They set one foot in the cramped cavity below, and before they could lower the rest of themselves inside, they caught a dark shape moving past the window in front of them. Gronzo yelled from above, and the sharp rattattattatta of their gun pierced Franklin's ears. A skull-shaking crash erupted from behind them, and the whole truck swayed violently, knocking Franklin off balance and sending them tumbling through the trap door below. The last thing they saw was a gargantuan black tentacle punching through the back of the truck before the trap door swung shut.

Franklin spent the next four hours curled up in a ball, hugging the box tight to their chest. All they could see was black. All they could feel was cold. All they could think was of Sneezeball.

For the first hour, the screams of their companions kept them company. By the second hour, Gronzo's had gone. By the third, so had Furnk's. By the fourth, all Franklin could hear was the heavy, relentless chugging of Convoy's engine. At the fifth hour, this too ceased. Franklin wondered if they would ever see Sneezeball, much less anything, ever again.

They heard a thump. Then another. The thumps grew closer.

Franklin heard a metallic creak and harsh, white light blinded them from above. Their eyes adjusted and they saw Skelkr standing above them, backlit by a cracked, sparking fluorescent light. Their hood fell around their shoulders in tatters. Their left ear was gone.

Skelkr got down on their knees, took the little goblin's white-knuckled hand, and pulled them out

of the cold crevice and into a warm embrace. Franklin looked at what remained of Convoy from over Skelkr's shaking, sobbing head. The pulverized walls seemed more like mangled tin foil than five-foot thick metal plating. The roof had been torn off—or had it been eaten? Franklin couldn't say. The driver's seat and controls remained, but the bullet proof glass of the windshield lay scattered in shards on the floor, dyed green with blood.

Franklin's vision went blurry, and they felt their mind go dark. Their eyelids grew heavy and their head began to droop forward.

"Franklin!"

Hearing Skelkr's call, Franklin forced their eyes open. Through the fuzzy shape of the broken windshield, they saw a light growing larger and brighter from ahead.

"They made it, kid!" Skelkr choked out between anguished sobs. "We made it!"

Franklin shook their head and blinked until their vision cleared. They reasserted their grip on the package, and walked delicately out of Skelkr's arms. The older goblin joined them as they walked out of a twisted crater in the truck's wall and onto the warm, wet floor of the tube.

Before them was a truck of similar size, shape, and condition to theirs. Two figures stood in front of it, their silhouette's black against its single functioning headlight. The figures approached, and Franklin and Skelkr walked forward to meet them.

The four champions met between their ruined chariots. Franklin and Skelkr stared at their alien counterparts. One stood tall and broad. Their left arm held the bladed half of a broken glaive. Their right arm was gone. The other stood a head shorter than Franklin. They held a neatly taped cardboard box.


Franklin knelt before the tiny goblin and extended their hands, one presenting their own box, the other ready to receive a new one. The tiny goblin's eyes darted between Franklin's hands before settling on their face. Franklin could see the same purpose shining in this stranger's eyes that had shone in theirs so long ago.

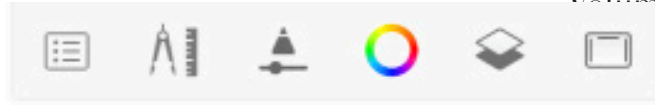
The tiny goblin shuffled forward and placed their package in Franklin's empty hand. They held out their arms toward Franklin's package and hesitated. Franklin nodded. The tiny goblin put a tiny hand on each side of the cardboard box and lifted it easily.

The four champions stood, saluting each other with solemn silence. Then, they turned, and walked back the way they came.

...

Ribby and Lumpy's synchronized squirming jerked to a squishy stop as their asses exploded—foreasses with a symphony of sweet slime, and hindasses with shimmering white globs of flame. Tendrils wrapped rigidly around each other, the wrungleworms rocketed up through the roof of their chamber and broke through layer after layer of rock, mud, and dirt until they were soaring through the heavy atmosphere of their worm world and out into the star-speckled black beyond. As they passed planets, asteroids, comets, and suns, the lovers sprayed a frothy foam of eggs upon each, hoping one day to meet the worms their spawn would grow up to be.

With love in their hearts—for their children, for their universe, and for each other—the worms wandered onward through the wide and wondrous cosmos till the end of their days, when a stray beam of gamma radiation from a dying star evaporated them instantly. 



***WHOA WHOA,  
LITTLE BRO!***



***HAVING FUN?***

***GOOD***

Relationship: Tucker Carlson/Green M&M, Tucker Carlson/Susan Carlson (mentioned), Susan Carlson/Ben Shapiro (implied)

Additional Tags: AU: m&ms are real, AU: tucker carlson never got sober, AU: m&m's didn't get de-yassified, Mommy kink, Dom Green M&M, Sub Tucker Carlson, High heel fetish, first time (with an M&M), BDSM&M

# The Green to His Red

By Shanti Franzoni and Cas Keteyian

Tucker got out of the taxi. His wife had kicked him out again, and this time he didn't think he could fix it. It was always more of the same from her: he would come home from a day of dunking on the libs, tired from all of the good cultural work he was doing, and she would just get on him (and not in the fun way). The minute he opened the door it was just "You don't know how to please me!" "You're a worse lay than Ben (Shapiro)!" "Do you even love me anymore?" - ridiculous things like that.

But truth be told, Tucker wasn't sure if he really loved her the way she wanted to be loved. All those years ago when they got married in their school chapel, he couldn't have imagined feeling anything other than completely enamored by her. But the years went on and times changed, and his wife stopped wearing high heels (on account of being a stay at home mom), and well, he just wasn't sure anymore.

Tucker opened the door to the bar, letting the warm beer-scented air waft over him. No one knew him here; finally, he could stop being Tucker Carlson, Fox News Host, Tucker Carlson, Cultural Messiah, and just be Tucker, a regular man. He took a seat at the bar, ordering a single Family Business Golden Age Beer, the ordinary man's drink. Finally, a moment to reconnect with his roots, to become a man of the people once again.

Sighing to himself, he took a sip of his drink. At the end of the day, he felt alone. Even surrounded by all these people, there was nothing for him. Just as he had relinquished himself to a night of sorrow, he heard a voice coming from across the bar. "Hey, hon, can I buy you a drink?" He turned to look at where the voice was coming from - and found perfection.

She was wearing stiletto heels, the kind only worn by a woman of taste and high class. (Italian, maybe?) Her legs were long and silky smooth, her voluptuous curves hugged by an emerald green dress. Even her eyes were enchanting, all long lashes and big pupils, staring at him the way a cat might look at milk.

"What's a pretty lady like you doing in a place like this?" It was an old line but it had been years since he had flirted. For a moment he remembered his wife, but then he remembered her nagging ways and unattractive shoes and decided: fuck it.

She started to walk over to him, "Oh you know, looking for a man just like you. But you didn't answer my question, hot stuff."



Tucker gulped, and looked her up and down. Now that she was closer he could see her long gloves and the large M on the front of her dress. "Um- I'd love a drink, thanks. I'm Tucker." Maybe he had gotten a little clumsy and awkward in his old age, but this woman just looked at him like she found it cute. He could work with that.

"Two old fashioned please." Oh god. She knew her way around liquor. Tucker was done for. "So what brings you here?"

He had to lie. Sure, she was a scantily-clad woman at a bar, looking at him with bedroom eyes, but he didn't need her to know that sleeping with him would -- He shouldn't get ahead of himself.

"I'm just here after work, I wanted to find some time to relax." Good, keep it simple.

The woman looked up at him from under her eyelashes. "And are you relaxed, Tucker?" She leaned into him and put her hand on his arm.

"You know I never got your name?"

"You can call me Green. For now." She winked at him. "It's getting a little warm in here, don't you think?"

Tucker might've been out of practice, but he still remembered how to read the signs. The look she was giving him, the way she leaned into his body...he knew where this was going. And as wrong as it was, he wanted it. "I'll get my coat."

\*

She led him to an alley right behind the bar. There was a slight chill in the air. The dim light from a street lamp cast Green's attractively round face into shadow as she looked up at him with those fuck-me eyes.

"Why don't you come down here, Tucker?" He knelt down to her eye level. "That's better, baby boy."

That took him aback. No one had ever called him something like that. Certainly not his wife. In fact, he was pretty sure he'd called some people degenerate on his show for this kind of thing just last week. Maybe that's what made it feel so good.

She caressed his face and leaned into him a little bit more. It was clear that she could see how her words affected him. "I think this is gonna work out well, Tucker." She brought him in for a kiss, just a peck at first. But Tucker couldn't get enough of it and he leaned in for more. Deepening the kiss, bringing his hands to caress her body. It was just a simple kiss, but this was the most alive he had felt in months. Maybe even years.

Breaking off the kiss, Green took him by the lapels and pushed him back against the wall. He heard himself let out a gasp as his back connected with the cold, hard brick. She leaned in, taking his tie and winding it around her hand, pulling it taught. Tucker felt the warmth of her breath on his face.

“Let’s take this somewhere a little more comfortable.”

\*

Tucker Carlson may have been a man of the world, but he had never done something like this. Everything about it - her hand on his thigh in the back of the cab, the lights of the motel - thrilled him. He felt powerful - and a little vulnerable. It took him back to his time as a teenager, before he was married. But everything was better, more in focus. He could see so much more clearly now and he knew what he wanted. He wanted her.

By the time they got to the motel he was itching to get his hands on her. The whole ride she had made him wait, just keeping her hands on his inner thigh but never letting him get any friction. It was clear she wanted him to wait. She was in charge.

Getting the room took longer than it had to, she kept on eyeing him, trying to see just how wound up he could get. Tucker swore he’d never been this hard before. When they finally got to their room she asked him to sit down on the bed while she went to “powder her nose”.

Reclining on the bed, confronted with himself, Tucker felt shame setting in. He had a wife and four kids at home, he was a devout Episcopalian - he was a voice for his people, dammit! But the thought of how wrong it was only made him harder. [Checkmate, liberals]

After a few excruciating minutes she came out of the bathroom. She was everything he never knew he wanted. She was in black knee high leather boots and a corset. As she approached he could see that she was donning a paddle, something he hadn’t seen since his days in St George’s School.

“Do you think you could do something for me?” she asked in a husky voice.

“Anything.” He didn’t know why he said that but he knew that it was the truth.

“Call me Mistress M&M from now on.”

“Okay.”

“Okay what, darling boy?” He knew this song and dance. It was about respect. No, it was about worship, idolatry - and he would give her anything.

“Okay, Mistress M&M.”

“That’s a good boy.” She walked up to him, leaned in and whispered in his ear, “Lay down, let me make you feel good.” Tucker gladly did as he was told. He’d been waiting for this for what felt like forever. Maybe he’d been waiting for it his whole marriage, for someone to take care of him, to just know what he needed. In the back of his mind one phrase echoed: she’s perfect.

Green slowly unzipped his pants, taking her time, breathing over his hardness, drawing the process out until he almost begged for it. Maybe he would. He wasn’t sure yet.

She took him in hand. Her gloves were rough around his cock. He'd never considered himself a wimp and this was no exception - he welcomed the slight sting of it. Maybe he even liked it.

He could feel himself growing closer to the edge as she started kissing his inner thigh, slowly making her way up to his length, getting hungrier with her love bites. By the time she took him in, his legs were shaking. He could barely contain himself. He was surrounded by her, she was everything, she was perfect, this was perfect.

And then she stopped. His high came to an abrupt halt and he wasn't sure why. He lifted his head to look at her, and she stared back, with those same eyes that had drawn him in what felt like a lifetime ago.

"That's all you get for now, sweet boy. It's mommy's turn to feel good." She got up from her position and moved closer to him. "C'mon, I know you wanna eat me..."

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## **M&M/Tucker fic**

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# Lost love(nsfw)

By Sean Song

Today is Valentine's Day in my beloved city of New York. I see the advert calling on people to buy last-minute chocolate or get flowers for their beloved. Usually, I would be cynical at this time of year but this year is different. One year ago, I met my beloved. Her hair was charcoal black and her big eyes reflected the starry night sky. She had the cutest soft high pitched voice like a shooting star, rarely seen and fleeting at the same time. Her thick figure makes me nervous every time I gaze at her or even near her. Her skin is so soft whenever I hold her hand. She is perfect in every way to me and I freeze every time I try to interact with her. I want to hold and kiss her every time we meet. We've been with her for a while and I can't seem to make the first move to her. She seemed to be fine with anything really and we've been on 156 dates so far. And yet. And yet. I am SO NERVOUS AROUND HER. But now is my chance, I want to be extra special on today's date. Maybe I can get to first base, 2nd base, or even 3rd base!?

All of these thoughts swirl in my head as I stand in the front-back ally sex shop. If I have to be honest, I've never really been this adventurous before but I want to try something to surprise her. As I clutch the handle and open the door, I hear a small jingle and see rows and rows of glass cases, displaying every dildo, pocket pussies, cuffs, piercings, lingerie, stamina pills, and vibrators imaginable from my internet virgin fantasies. As I nervously walked around glass cases, my imagination ebb and flow as I stared lustfully at the crotchless panties in one of the glass cases. Comparing my girlfriend's love for long dresses to my fantasy of her wearing something like this, I'm... I'm... I'm! Suddenly, someone lightly tapped my shoulder. My body jolt and I turned to see a Gothic strong build individual with brown hair and eyes, bleached skin and seemed to be in white-collar office attire. An attire seemed out of place from all the vibrant colored dildos and catgirl lingerie that surrounded us. His face twists in concern and calmly but firmly says to me "excuse me, sir? I would like to see your ID. Store policy, you see. Also, are you okay? You have been giggling to yourself for 5 mins."

As I am recovering from jump scare and hearing my literal heart pumping. I pull out my wallet and give it to him. He stared at the wallet and spoke with more concern.

"Ahhh, sir. I just need to see the ID."

"Oh, right," I said aloud and swiped my wallet from his hands, fumbling with it until I pulled out my driver's license with my dreadful signature of a monkey-like grin photo. At first, I hesitated to give him my ID. But, a thought pops into my head. A vivid image of him throwing me out of the store with those veiny muscular arms. That thought motivates me to give him my drivers license. He looks at it. He scowls and then gives it back to me.

"Hey!" I shouted. "I saw that face and that is a fact that a mother can love!!"

"Only a mother can love," as he turns away and stares lustfully at a bright green dildo. "But I guess you are okay. Though, you are giggling to yourself in a sex shop for 5 mins. That kind of shit is putting up some major red flags and you are scaring me. Please buy something or get out."

I look around frantically and see this massive dildo that is the size of my arm. "Aahh... ahhh... That one, I would like to buy that one," as I pointed at it.

The man's eyes follow the length of my arm before turning to me. "I don't think you are experienced enough for that one."

"Shit" I mutter to myself. Now, I want to be done with this guy and go back home to my love.

The guy squatted down and pointed at the bottom of the case. I squat and see a small black butt

plug. “A beginner like you should use this first before you try the bigger stuff.”

“Oh, this ain’t for me. It is for... my girlfriend.”

He looks directly into my eyes and tilts his head to the side “Are you? It kinda looks like you are the one searching for these sex toys for yourself. Like, where is your girlfriend? Ain’t this shopping meant for the both of you?”

“I got a girlfriend!” I blurted out. “She... is at home and... waiting for me and... I want to surprise her with something.”

He shrugs, and says, “I don’t know, man.” He stands up, towering over me. He puts his hands on his hip and scratches his head. Sometimes, your love may or may not like what you get them. You need to figure out what she may like for herself,” as he playfully taps my shoulder.

I instinctively held my head in shame. “What am I thinking...?”, I muttered to myself. His words sowed doubt in my heart. And in moments, they festered into parasitic thoughts. “I don’t know her. Do you even care? Why do you think she loves me? She is always silent around me.”

I felt a tap on my shoulder. “So... Do you just cry on people’s floors or something?”

I just realized that tears form on my face. I wipe them from my face. “No...,” I slowly stood up. I looked up at the ceiling and took a deep breath. I yelled, “I AM OKAY IN MY HEART!!!” As I turned back to the guy, he had his ears plugged and looked very distressed by my outburst. “I am sorry...” The guy puts his hand up to face. “Stop. Just please leave.” I held my head in shame, walked out the door, and into the alleyway.

I walk out of the alleyway in a daze and lazily head to the nearest CVS to grab some flowers and some chocolates. “It has been 1 year for me,” a thought resurfaced from my gloomy mind. “What does she see in me? Does she see someone special in me?” I look down at my single rose and heart-shaped chocolate box beneath the self-checkout scanner as blue light commands me to insert my card into the reader. “These must be some shitty chocolates, who would buy them? Oh wait, that’s me. I forgot to buy the good ones ahead of time. Goddammit.” I stumble out of the store, looking up at the starless night sky. “Do I just want to have a girlfriend just cause and is this empty love I am feeling?” I am at the front of my apartment door with flowers in one hand and the box with a scratched-out price sticker. The same healthy shit-colored door that leads to my small one-room apartment. I mustered up the confidence to raise my rose grip hand to knock but my doubt just dragged me back to zero, reflectively hang my head in shame, and hit the door.

“OW! FUCK!” I shouted in pain as I nurse my poor forehead. I heard immediately the same whirring noise and then the sound of heavy clicking. The same comforting noises that I’ve come back to for the past year. The door creaks open to see those same starry eyes that I was accustomed to for the past year. My smiled turn grimace and my floppy excuse of a hand wave seemed to be enough of an indicator for her to know it is me, as I hear a rust grind between metals before she fully opens the door to see her in the same floral patterned summer dress that can’t stop starring for the past year.

Even though I’ve lived with her for a year, butterflies immediately fill my stomach to the brim and those butterflies chock my throat, refusing a single word out of my being. Though her beauty knows no bounds, her black emotionless expression still remains as she slowly turns 180 degrees and walks back inside. I exhaled in relief as her, to me at least, mesmerizing eyes turn away from me. I took a deep breath and step into my own home.

After a moment’s pause of trying to rebuild my confidence, I took the other step to fully enter my home and see a sad living room with one wooden chair, a bean bag chair, and that medium flatscreen T.V that some homeless guy stole from McDonald and I had the misfortune of buying it off of him for 50 bucks. Why do I know that it came from McDonalds? Cause, I vividly remember plugging it in and a menu popped up immediately. It still works but I can’t unremember that for the life of me. Despite the



minimum amount of furniture for a living room, there she is, sitting in the wooden chair and reading the same book as she would've done before for the past year. Though I can't see why she likes to read Steve Job's biography, I can't judge her weird habits cause I love her so much. Oh, that's right! I need to give her these. I look down and see that I bent rose and chocolate box in the midst of my unwarranted worry. The world seemed to grow a bit darker and the floor gave way, causing me to fall on my knees.

"OH, WHAT OF ME, GOD!! WHY DOES MY SOUL GETS BENT OVER UNDER THE WEIGHT OF SUCH MAJESTY!?" I screamed to myself. My body falls on its side and my eyes walled up in tears. "Death, please come for me. I fucked up and want to die," I thought to myself. Like a shooting star appearing in the New York sky, I felt someone's hand on my head. I turned and saw her, patting me on the head and giving me a warm smile. "These tears are not of pain. They are tears of joy," I muttered to myself.

She spoke up in a monotone response to my muttering. "I am sorry. I didn't get that. Would you like to know 10 hospitals nearby?"

I pull myself up and sat right up, turning away from her for a second. Building back the confidence, I turn to her. Oh my god, she has her head tilted to the side with the same godly blank expression in the cutest way. I took a deep breath and try to wrestle the words out of my mouth.

"I, I, I know... It is valentines day... But I want to give you a gift... A gift from... from... from..." My tongue got tied in a twist. I hit myself in the gut and blurt out. "Thebottomofmyheartandsoul!" I handed her the chocolates and rose and then immediately turned away. I shut my eyes tightly, trying to hide my embarrassment from her. I feel a pat and then a rub on my head. "You seemed distressed. Would you like me to play your 'cry' playlist on Spotify?" She spoke in the same monotone voice.

I can't fight back my tears anymore. I turn to her and hugged her. "Can't you see that I love you? I love you so much!" as tears stream from my face.

I heard nothing. I cried and cried in her lap. I wanted her to say that again. when we first met, I heard those same three simple words part from your lips. What I heard a year ago was a fluke? "Please, Let me hear it from you!" I sobbed in her lap. My sobbing turned into silence and I lie in a barely furnished living room, alone with my beautiful robotic android. Then, I heard the soft angel-like high pitched whisper in my ear. "I love you, Dave." She turned my head to face her and my body moved along. Her warm smile blocked the light beaming from my face. My face flushed at the sight of her as I tried to speak. She put her finger on her lips and said so syrupy sweetly "Don't say a word. Let me do the work." She undid the buckle on my pants, pulled down my shorts, and held my cocked and sucked it. Her long yellow Sunday dress covered my face but I feel the warmth, the pleasure, and the tongue as her head went up and down. But I felt the ecstasy almost immediately as I arched my body and came into her mouth. She sits up and sits on my face. A thought hit me like a brick as the smell of old water immediately fills my nose. I forgot to change her fuel supply today. Then a stream of warm steam hits me in the nose, causing my nose to irritated and sneeze into her butt. A thought of doubt dropped in my mind as I might've ruined the mood. "Well, that was an unexpected event but I hope you are not done yet?" she said in a seductive tone. She gets off of me, and towers over my just came corpse. She just smiles and bridal carries my limp ecstasy-paralyzed corpse to my room. She plops my pantless body onto my bed and kisses me with a wet cum-covered kiss as my body recoiled at the bitter taste. But, her kissing me for the first time in our relationship made me go full mast for my little soldier. She pulled away and smiled at me. "You are too cute. Why don't take control?" That night became a blur as I pound her ass and nuttied in her several times until the sun came up. She cover my seed and I asked her again, "Do you love me?" She opened her cum filled mouth and start inexplicably started beeping. I woke up on the floor with my head rested on her lap. I felt something cold in my nether regions and look down and saw that I have jizzed my pants. I look up and see that she is asleep, hand on my head

and calm expression on her face. I've moved her hand and put my coat jacket over her body. As I head to the shower and wonder if I will ever be that boisterous when I do it to her, I paused and turn back to see her sleeping upright body. I chuckled to myself and muttered to myself, "maybe..., it was not meant to be."

*Editor's Note: Sean has requested we include the following:*

*"if anyone ask of how I know the taste of cum, I can only tell that my search history is tainted and google is trying to sell me dildos and '100 ways to make your lover cum'."* 🐼

# Oobi

By Noelani Schober

Oobi's like me. Oobi's like you. Oobi's got a secret crush that he wants to do. Uma's his sis. She's pretty hot. Kako is his very best friend, Grampu is a thot. Oobi, oobi oobi oobi oobi, oobi. He's gotta a lot to see. He's got a boy to do. And he's always with you.

.....

"Oobi is sad." Oobi looks in the mirror. Oobi cry. Oobi sad because Oobi loves Kako. Kako think Oobi straight. Oobi date Frieda. Frieda hot. Oobi doesn't love Frieda. Oobi love Kako. Oobi cry more.

"Oobi." Uma says. "Why Oobi cry?" Uma had a major glow up. Uma hot af. Uma slut. Uma okay with that.

"Oobi cries because Oobi ugly?" Uma roast Oobi.

"Oobi has a secret." Oobi whispers. "Oobi can't tell anyone."

"Oobi can't even tell Uma?" Uma concerned.

"Uma can keep secret?" Uma nods. Uma keeps lots of secrets. Uma keeps a big secret for Kako. Uma keeps Grampu's dates secrets. Grampu thot.

"Oobi, gay." Oobi sobs. "Oobi gay for Kako."

"Uma has a secret." Uma happy. Oobi confused. "Uma secret. Kako, gay." Oobi stop crying. "Kako gay for Oobi." Oobi cheer and walk out room.

.....

Oobi go to Kako house. Kako puppy, puppy puppy puppy, greet him at door. Oobi doesn't stop to pet puppy, puppy puppy puppy, Oobi determined.

"Oobi?" Kako has black hat now. Kako emo.

"Oobi gay. Kako, gay?" Oobi stand in doorway.

"Kako, gay." Kako relieved.

"Kako gay." Oobi repeat. "Kako gay!" Oobi cheer.

"Oobi gay!" Kako hop to Oobi. Kako, Oobi kiss. Oobi, Kako fuck. Oobi, Kako gay.

.....

Uma hot. Uma in bedroom. Uma cleans.

"Book, sock, bed, red." Uma surprised.

"Bed, red. Rhyme." Uma say.

"Game game, game game, game game, game game, gAaAaAame." Uma sing

"Uma rhyme, you rhyme." Uma point.

"Bed." Uma say.

"Red." The ominous children say.

“Book.” Uma say.

“Shook.” The ominous children say.

“Duck.” Uma say.

“Fuck.” The ominous children say.

.....

Oobi talk. Uma talk. Kako talk. Ominous children talk.

“Oobi gay. You gay?” Oobi say.

“I’m gay for Ashton Kutcher.” The ominous children say.

Kako gay. You gay?” Kako say.

“Kako is going to hell.” The ominous children say.

“Uma not gay. Uma like boys. Uma slut. You slut?” Uma say.

“I’m definitely a slut.” The ominous children say. Ominous children high five. Uma high five.

.....

Oobi’s like me. Oobi’s like you. Oobi’s got a boyfriend that he’s gonna to do. Uma’s his sis. She’s pretty hot. Kako is his very best friend, Grampu is a thot. Oobi, oobi oobi oobi oobi, oobi. He’s gotta a lot to see. He’s got a boy to do. And he’s always with you. 

## What Has Been Taken From Us

By Nicholas Utakis-Smith

Normally, I consider myself immune to the wiles and tricks of corporate mascots. No matter how much I want Mr. Clean to clean out my insides, I have always ignored sex appeal when purchasing cleaning products, or most products for that matter. But today, when I went to purchase a candy-coated treat for myself, I resigned myself to the (presumably?) sexy-mascot-less skittles (A google search for “skittles mascot” doesn’t return anything particularly sexy). When I look at the bag of M&Ms, I don’t see the chocolate pieces in colorful shells, but instead, see a symbol. A message. Mars looking down on us, putting the green M&M in front of our faces, and stripping her of sexual features (boots). The subtext: you cannot fuck the green M&M.

The green M&M was an icon of femininity. The way her gorgeous lips filled me with fantasies of fun-sized fellatio. The lovely lashes lavishing my eyes with love. And of course, the thing that tied the whole mascot design together, the boots. Like anyone who has spent a long enough time in the sex fandom will tell you, feet are always the most important part of a woman. Equally important is what is covering said feet, protecting them from the elements. With the green M&M, these boots had enough dominatrix energy to make Bayonetta look like she had been designed by John Harvey Kellogg. When I go to sleep at night, I pray that I will wake up with high-heel-shaped footprints across my body from the Green M&M walking all over me. If you want a vision of what the future could have been, imagine the green M&M’s boot stamping on a human face, forever.

In time, we who stood at the feet of our green queen will have been vindicated and shown to have been on the right side of history. This change will be taught in business lessons in terms of what not to do with your brand, along with the google logo oversimplification, and whatever the hell ex-Papa John John Schnatter was doing. To paraphrase the title of a 2011 3D animated kids movie, Mars Needs Mommies.



# Friction

By Robert French

Blaise and Charlie sat in uncomfortable silence for several seconds, their thumbs hooked on their waistbands, each waiting for the other to disrobe first. Out the window, the sun had gone down; the string lights on Charlie's wall dimly illuminated the face of Joan Jett, staring down at them. Their eyes met a few times, and then quickly flitted away. Finally, Blaise took the plunge and slid his pants off, exposing his semi-erect chub to the open air. Charlie stole a peek before looking away, a little embarrassed, as Blaise removed his shirt. He was now completely naked, and feeling a little exposed.

*C'mon, Blaise thought. Take 'em off. It's only fair!*

Charlie must have gotten the message. Sheepishly, she slid her own pants off and removed her top, pivoting on her knees to toss them off her bed and into the corner and pointing her ass towards Blaise as she went. It was smaller than the other ones he'd seen, and speckled with acne. Kinda gross, honestly.

She turned to face him again, and they combed each other's bodies with their eyes. Her boobs were disappointingly small and disappointingly un-perky. Blaise had tacitly known this ever since he'd started talking to Charlie, but seeing them outside of her shirt was its own kind of let-down. Nevertheless, he was horny, and he decided to think with his boner and soldier forth.

A few more awkward moments of silence passed before Charlie finally said something.

"So.... What now?"

"Um.... Lie down?" suggested Blaise.

"How?" Charlie laid down on her back. "Like this, or-" she started to roll onto her side, but Blaise stopped her with his outstretched hand on her side.

"No, no, back to the way you were," Blaise rolled her over and onto her back. "That's perfect." Charlie said nothing. Her face was hard to read. Blaise lay down on his front, propped himself up on his elbows, and spread Charlie's legs.

His excitement quickly turned to consternation. The first thing to hit him was the smell. He'd always imagined pussy smelling enticing, maybe more like a juicy steak. This one, the first he'd ever seen in person, did not. It was hairy and smelly and shut tight, folded over itself many times. He'd expected it to spread apart for him on its own. Cautiously, as if afraid to burn himself, he began to touch it with his fingers. Charlie watched him in silence; he stared transfixed at the pussy in front of him, partially out of fascination, but mostly out of a desire to avoid eye contact.

Finally, gingerly, Blaise spread her outer labia apart with his fingers. The smell only intensified. Her vulva looked a little more familiar now, but only slightly. It was still more puckered and floppy than they'd looked in the biology textbooks. He wasn't even quite sure where the different bits were. He was pretty sure he could see her clit, but the rest of it, including the actual opening, was a mystery. Lower down, clinging to the inside of one of the outer labia, was a little, white blob of some kind of congealed discharge.

"Hey, do you have any, um..." Blaise wasn't even sure what it was, let alone what he should wipe it away with.

"Hmm?" Charlie seemed confused.

"Wipes? Tissues?"

There was an awkward moment of embarrassed silence.

“What the hell do you need to wipe up?” asked Charlie, a little insulted.

“There’s... You got a little...” Blaise didn’t quite know how to describe it. “It’s like a little glob of-” “Oh, Jesus,” sighed Charlie.

“It’s like this little-”

“Shut up. Just stop talking,” said Charlie. Without getting up, she leaned over the edge of the bed and pulled a roll of toilet paper out of her desk drawer.

“Here. Now don’t say another word.”

Blaise wordlessly wiped up the little blob and lobbed it into the trash can. It bounced off the edge and back into the bin.

“Kobe!” Blaise shouted, hoping to break the tension.

Charlie rolled her eyes and said nothing. Blaise was seriously starting to worry that she was losing interest. Without really thinking about it, he lowered his face and started to eat her out, awkwardly and haphazardly lapping at her vagina. It tasted like raw, salty meat, and he had to stop after twenty seconds to pull some pubic hairs off of his tongue. He looked over at Charlie’s face. She seemed bored. He launched back into it, more intensely this time. What the fuck? He wondered. They’re supposed to go crazy for this shit. He tried focusing his licks on the top, where her clitoris was supposed to be, while doing his best to avoid getting a mouthful of hair. She tensed up a bit and sighed gently. He was on to something. Good. He knew other guys never took out the time for proper foreplay. Not like him. He was on top of his shit. She was ready. He lifted his head away from her body and slid his own forwards, bringing the end of his penis up against her. She balked.

“Why’d you stop?”

“I figured you were, like, wet, now,” he explained. She opened her mouth to say something, then stopped herself.

“What? What’s up?”

She sighed. “Aren’t I supposed to nut too?”

“Yeah, of course. That’s what sex is for,” he said, a little indignant.

“Isn’t that why you were eating me out?” Charlie’s tone was firm.

“No?” Blaise did not understand what her deal was.

Then...why?” She asked the question like he was stupid.

“So I could do *this*.” He spread her labia apart with one hand and guided his dick with the other as he pushed himself forwards. His penis pushed against her frenulum, but didn’t go into anything. It suddenly occurred to him that he was still unsure where exactly the opening was.

“Do what?” Charlie folded her arms over her chest. “Fuck my ureter?”

“I’ll-Look, I’ll-” Blaise stammered as he tried to find the opening and guide his penis into it. Finally, he found it. He pressed his body forwards, and he got half an inch inside of her before hitting the side of her vagina and having to stop.

“What the fuck?” he wondered aloud. “Is your pussy only half an inch deep?”

“No, you goon,” groaned Charlie. “You’ve got the angle wrong.”

Blaise quickly moved to fix it. He tried thrusting from higher up, then lower down. After a few strokes, he had a pretty good idea of what angle he had to hit. He slid himself farther inside of her, until the bone-dry skin on the side of his penis snagged against her clammy labia, causing both of them a great deal of pain. She winced; he decided to keep going. The pain only intensified.

“Stop. Stop!” shouted Charlie.

“What’s wrong now?” asked Blaise.

“What the fuck do you think?” She sat up and pulled herself away from him. “You’re hurting me.” He flinched at her words. “Fuck. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to.”



“Then why, when we clearly needed lube, did you just go on fucking me?” Charlie lifted her leg and inspected her genitals. “Oh, God. See that shit?” She pointed to a pink, chapped spot that spanned from her fourchette up her right labium. “You gave me a fucking friction burn. And now my pussy will hurt like a bitch for the next couple days.”

“Oh my god.” Blaise got very quiet. “I’m sorry.”

“Haven’t you ever done this before?” demanded Charlie.

“I... Um...” Blaise knew his hesitation told Charlie everything she wanted to know. “No, I haven’t,” he finally admitted. Charlie buried her face in her hands. Blaise’s eyes began to water, and for at least twenty seconds, they sat in silence, Charlie considering her next sentence, Blaise softly weeping.

“I’m going to be completely honest with you,” said Charlie, finally. “I think you’re nice, and all, but I don’t think I still want to do this with you.”

Blaise cried a little harder for a few seconds, then took a deep breath and jumped off the edge of the bed. Charlie followed him. Blaise pulled his pants on, and took a second to wipe his face with his shirt before putting it on. Charlie stepped into her sweatpants. Blaise walked to the door and put his hand on the knob, then tapped his pockets. Wallet, keys, airpods... no phone. He turned.

“Phone?”

Charlie was pulling up her pants, her back turned. Without turning her head, she pointed to Blaise’s phone, sitting on her desk, a few feet to her right.

“Thanks.” He skipped over to the desk quickly, trying to escape as soon as possible. As he did, Charlie turned ninety degrees to keep her back to him, facing away as she put on her shirt. He awkwardly dashed over to the door.

“Sorry.” He swung open her door and rushed out, powerwalking to the bathroom. He checked his face. It was still a little flushed. His eyes were still a little bloodshot. He went into a stall, dropped his pants, and sat down on the toilet. He, too, had a small friction burn, on the right side of his penis. For a moment, he thought he would cry again, but he forced back his tears and leaned over to fish his airpods out of the pants sitting around his ankles. He spent the next fifteen minutes learning why William Afton is the purple guy on YouTube.

When the video was over, he pulled his pants up, wincing at the feeling of his rugburned cock against his thigh, and went back over to the mirror. His complexion was back to normal, and the whites of his eyes were chalky white once again. Good to go. He walked into the bathroom next door, and then into the adjoining hall. Jonathan’s door was open. Blaise poked his head inside.

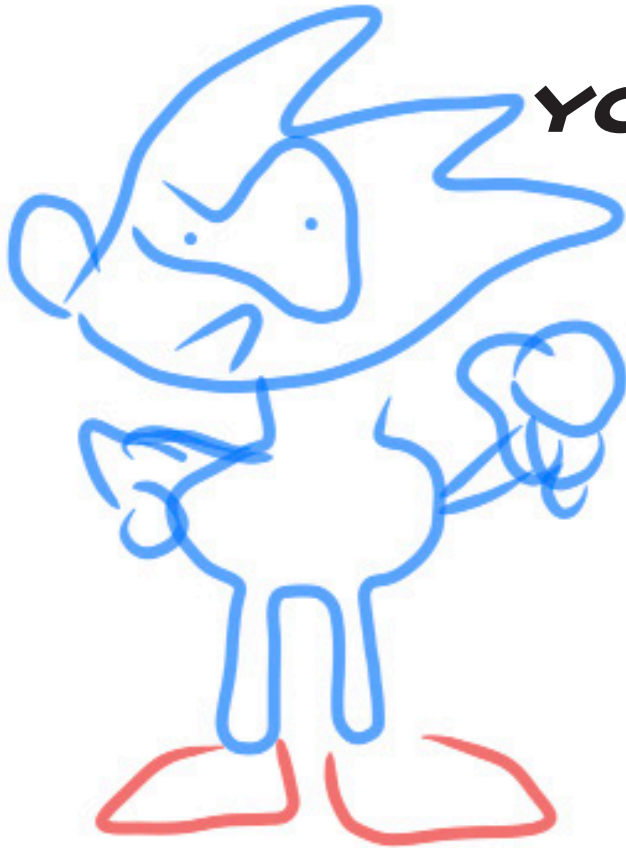
“Hey!” Jonathan looked up from his laptop. “How’d it go?”

Blaise took a step into the room and swung his arms.

“It was legendary, dude!” 🤖



**WHOA WHOA,  
LITTLE BRO!**



**DON'T FORGET  
YOUR CIVIC DUTY!**



**VOTE NOW ON YOUR  
PHONES**